No, yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelves,
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night,
To anſwer all the debt he ows to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſpe a ſecret book,
And to your quick conceiving diſcontents
Ile read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventerous ſpirit,
As to o're-walk a currant roaring lowd
On the unſteadfull footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt unto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rowze a lyon, then to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottome of the deep,
Where fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrivall, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the form of what he ſhould attend;
Good couſin give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keep them all.
By God he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not,

Ile keep them by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare unto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep,

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies aſleep,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Heare you, couſin, a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that ſame ſword and buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would have him poyſoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell kinſman, Ile talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waſp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile polititian *Bullingbrook*:
In *Richards* time, what do you call the place;
A plague upon it, it is in *Gloſterſhire*;
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his unkle kept,
His unkle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:
Zblood, when you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg*.

Nor. At *Barkley* caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true.
Why what a candy deal of courteſie,
This fawning gray-hound then did proffer me,
Look when his infant fortune came to age
And gentle *Harry Piercy*, and kinde couſin: